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volent and most commendable impulse will show better results, and we hope the objects and revenue of the Institute will admit of the School remaining there.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

We find a statement in an exchange, coupled with a query that we are ashamed to see in an American newspaper:

The French government proposes to unite with the other European governments in making up a purse of \$100,000 to reward Prof. Morse for his telegraphic inventions. As a spontaneous and complimentary gift this might be very well; but, what occasion has Prof. Morse to petition for it? Has not his telegraph paid well, enriching himself and half a dozen other owners of the patent?

One thing we know, that Professor Morse has been impoverished both of time and money in defending a patent-right so feebly protected by the law of the land, as to be scarcely worth contending for. Considering the immense boon conferred on the country by Professor Morse, he could not become too wealthy, and we think the nation would do well to follow the example of the continental powers by regarding this matter from a different point of view; it would be well to cover up the weakness of national law by some act that will reveal the natural "unconstitutional" generosity of human nature. We wonder that Professor Morse has not been presented with a set of silver tea-things before this—a gold watch and chain, or some other valuable testimonial of national gratitude.

WESTERN people "go it" extensively in Art as in everything else. The following advertisement speaks for itself:

FINE ARTS.

Mrs. ———'s Studio is still connected with the house of Messrs. ——— & Co., where she teaches the Grecian Art of Painting, Oriental Glass Painting, Patchmanian Painting. Also every variety of Embroidery, Wax-Fruit and Flowers, and Leather Embossing. Mrs. ——— also teaches the art of Drawing and Stamping (?) on an improved plan.

Studies among the Trees.

Twelfth Night at the Century, a book of more than usual typographical beauty, is a record in detail of the pleasant festival that took place at the Century Club, in January last. The author is the president of the Century, G. C. Verplanck, Esq. In this book we have an interesting history of the ancient custom of celebrating Twelfth Night by all nations; which history includes certain incidents, skillfully interwoven with the narrative that possess local importance, owing to their association with our Dutch ancestors. One of these incidents we quote, believing it to be unknown to many, if not all of the "great-grandsons and great-great-granddaughters in the ninth and tenth generations," from those who were contemporary with and perhaps interested in the personages who figure in it:

There is one Twelfth-Day incident in the early maritime history of Holland, which we cannot omit to mention; partly because it has never before been narrated in connection with this subject; but chiefly because the story, interesting and touching in itself, presents also and enforces an impressive lesson of the great practical and moral value of such national and domestic festive anniversaries, which, endeared by the pleasures of childhood and early youth, and consecrated by the remembrance of domestic and social joys, bring back with them, as they recur in after life, together with the recollections, something of the reality of the joys, and the purity of youth and of home. It has also a still additional interest in this country and at this time, from its

parallel with some of the recent Arctic adventures of our own countrymen, and their association with the memory of Dr. Kane, who, whilst living, filled the public mind, and whose death has saddened the public heart.

Never was the spirit of maritime enterprise more ardent and effective than in Holland, during the continuance of the protracted war for the independence of the United Netherlands, after the first terrible struggle was over, and national sovereignty was substantially achieved. Near the close of the sixteenth century, several expeditions for maritime discovery were fitted out, some for the American coasts, and others for a discovery of a shorter passage by the North to China and Japan, whither Dutch commerce had already found its way by the long and tedious Southern passage by the Cape of Good Hope. The commercial enterprise directed to the Western Indies, as our whole hemisphere was then denominated, led a few years after to the discovery and settlement of New Amsterdam. It was the enterprise and capital of the same far-seeing merchants, which, under less happy auspices, projected and equipped the expedition of 1596, for the discovery of a Northwest passage to the Indies. There was more than one of these expeditions, but we speak of that under the command of Jan Corneliusson and Jacob Van Heemskirk, which sailed from Amsterdam in May, 1596. Corneliusson was an experienced navigator; Heemskirk a young man (he was but twenty-seven), of kind manners, bright talents, and high moral worth.

Their vessels were of the kind used for the intricate and shallow navigation of the islands and inlets of Holland and Zealand, and were preferred by the Dutch for purposes of coast and river exploration, being broad, capacious, and of little draught of water. They were called by them "Vliee boots," from their being first used to navigate the Vliee, a name which has passed with slight changes into nautical use in other languages. We mention this fact, though not important to our story, because it was in a vessel of this sort, the fly-boat "Haalve Maan," or the Half Moon, originally selected and fitted out for another voyage of Arctic exploration, that Hendrick Hudson, twelve years after, first broke the unknown wave of the harbor of New York, and thence sounded his slow and doubtful way up the broad Mahakanehtuck, "the Great River of the Mountains."

The narrative of this expedition of 1596, is given minutely and chronologically in the annals of Peter Bor Christianzoon, known in his days as a lawyer and a statesman, high in office, but now remembered only as the conscientious, laborious, and graphic annalist of the Netherlands, from 1550 to 1605, the brightest period of the early and heroic age of the Dutch Republic. The fine copy of his annals in the Astor Library, whence we chiefly draw our information, is in seven massy parchment-covered folios, and is illustrated amongst many other spirited engravings of heroes, battles, and great events, with several prints representing the Arctic scenes of the exploration of 1596-1597, perils from combats with huge bears and elephantine sea-lions, from mountains of ice, and other Arctic incidents, and showing, from such scenes being intermixed with engravings of great national events, and the fine portraits of chiefs and statesmen, the deep interest felt in this story by the author and his readers.

The two vessels penetrated together so far north as to discover the most northern land which was reached for two centuries and a half afterwards, those islands and steep mountains to which Heemskirk gave the descriptive appellation of Spitzbergen (or sharp-pointed mountains), which they still bear. They then parted company, Corneliusson taking a western course. Heemskirk attempted a passage by the North of Nova Zembla, but though it was yet early autumn, soon found his way impeded and dangerous from fast-making ice, and before the end of October, his vessel was locked in the ice near the north coast of Nova Zembla, only fifteen degrees from the North Pole. The days had shrunk to an hour's length, and were fast diminishing, and there was no hope of extricating the vessel, for the ocean was frozen as far as it could be seen. The crew had therefore only to prepare to pass the winter on shore as best they might.

They dismantled their vessel, and landed their sea-stores, and then, with some large drift-wood and timber which they found on that totally barren island, together with materials from their vessel, constructed a large low hut, near a stream that remained unfrozen, in spite of the severity of the cold they already experienced. It was probably one of those hot springs not uncommon in high northern latitudes. They provided themselves from the drift-wood on the shore with a tolerable supply of fuel for the winter, but they found nothing else on the island likely to contribute to their comfort, save immense white bears, some of which, while daylight yet lasted, they killed, preserving the flesh for food, and the fat for a substitute for oil, when that should fail, for their lamps.

On the 4th of November, the sun set in the lowering west for the last time it should rise again, until after a night of almost the third of a year. The skies were covered with fogs and snow; all was in utter darkness without. The historian tells us that it was "bitter cold" (bitter koud) when the adventurers landed, but when the sun left them, he says, it became yet more exceedingly bitter cold; "nytermater bitter koud." Their limbs were numbed, their blood chilled, their hearts sunk within them. Christmas came, and doubtless, as may be inferred from Heemskirk's character as it appeared in after life, was reverently observed as their Reformed Church of Holland prescribed; but if Christmas brought with it pious resignation or religious consolation, it was unaccompanied by any of its accustomed train of mirthful feasts and light-hearted sports. The New Year came in, but there rose no New Year's sun either in the heavens or in their hearts.

At last the festival of the Three Kings approached. Then, after consultation among themselves, on the eve before the Twelfth-Day, some of the oldest and wisest sailors respectfully addressed Skipper Heemskirk, and told him that it would not do to pass their time like a pack of white bears, between growling and sleeping, that they must keep the "Driekoningdag," as the good people did at home; they therefore requested that due order should be taken for such celebration as their means could afford, and that they might choose a king by the usual lot, and have a hearty frolic. The Captain cordially assented to this request, which was probably made from his own suggestion. The ship-stores, laid in by Dutch prudence, and their coarse bear's meat, afforded substantial enough, but luxuries were scarce. Probably the "jenever-vat" afforded some humbler materials for their Wassail bout, but Bor tells us that the Captain brought forth a little wine that had been kept for special uses, that they had even a good allowance of white bread, and that, moreover, they fortunately had meal enough whereof to enable them to bake pan-cakes, "pannekoeken af bakten." With these humble luxuries, they feasted and frolicked, says the worthy Bor, as jovially as "they could have frolicked with the most costly victuals and drinks." The choice of king fell upon the "high-boatswain," who ruled that night the undisputed "King of Nova Zembla," as the historian calls him. They could not want a queen, for our readers may learn from Motley's admirable history, how the Dutch women of the coast, particularly those of the islands of Zealand, shared in the maritime hardships and contests of their husbands and fathers. Yet it is to be feared that the Queen of Nova Zembla, on the 6th of January, 1597, was neither quite as young nor as handsome as those whom the accurately discriminating chance of the Century Club elects to rule on similar festivals. But they frolicked with a hearty good will; they sung, they danced, they huzzaed, they jumped, and they wrestled.

Their toils, their wants, were all forgot,
Their present fate, their future lot,
And lighted up each faded eye
With all the sailor's ecstasy.

The noisy and merry frolic was doubtless prolonged for many an hour, for their sleep was sound, and they all arose fortified and refreshed. The hour of gloom had passed away from their souls. They now braced themselves up to bear their privations and their perils as became men who had sailed under the three-colored stripes of Holland, and fought under the lion-crested banner of Orange. They now kept

their limbs from stiffening, and their blood warm by athletic exercises, and waited with cheerful confidence for that sun which was to rise on the 16th of February. But on the 24th of January, they were surprised and cheered by the appearance of light; and the light continued and increased. Whether it was from Northern Lights, or whether this was the first and long prolonged daybreak of an Arctic winter's night, is doubtful; but never was the "Holy light, offspring of Heaven's first-born," hailed with more reverential joy and gratitude. The men now issued forth from their hut, boldly breathed the cold, pure air, hunted the bears, and shot smaller animals, which now began to appear in numbers.

But even when the night had almost wholly fled before the long northern summer days, his vessel, besides being seriously damaged, was still fast locked in a mountain of ice. Heemskirk now perceived that it was hopeless to expect it to be extricated, and that if their return was long delayed, winter might again overtake them. He had had the foresight to secure the boats on shore, and in two of the stoutest of these, fitted out as well as might be from the means his fly-boat gave him, he determined to embark, trusting to reach Norway.

It was not till the 15th of June that he could effect even this. The two boats were fortunate in being able to keep company. After nearly three months of dreadful and ceaseless hardships, in which the seamen were supported, cheered, and guided by the kindness, the spirit, energy, and resources of their young captain, they reached a harbor on the coast of Norway. On entering it, they descried a sail; but their joy was redoubled when they made out the three-colored flag, and the stout fly-boat of their comrade Corneliusen. He had wintered with some comfort in Norway, and was now returning, as soon as the ice would permit, to Holland, there to report the discovery of Spitzbergen, and his opinion of the improbability of any Arctic passage to the Indies.

It need not be told how joyous this meeting was. They returned with Corneliusen in his ship to Amsterdam. They were all received as the living from the dead; with a warmer greeting than if they had returned victors from a sea-fight with the Spanish navy, or laden with ingots taken in galleons from Mexico. They were followed with huzzas, feasted by the burgomasters, received by the city with illuminations and shouts, and every man among them was a "lion" in his own circle. All of them were promoted, employed, or pensioned, according to their several deserts.

Van Heemskirk himself was promoted to the naval service. From a bold Arctic explorer he became a great naval commander. Ten years after, as Vice-Admiral of the United Provinces, he gained the famous victory in the Bay of Gibraltar, over the Spanish fleet of more than double his force, moored near shore, and supported by the batteries of the town and castle. In this action he anticipated, by almost two centuries, Nelson's brilliant naval tactics, by breaking the enemy's line, and doubling his ships inside and outside on the van of the Spanish fleet. Here he was killed in the very moment of victory—a victory decisive of his country's independence. He fell in the meridian of his life and talent, in the full triumph of his genius and patriotism.

ERRATA.—In a notice of Lithographic Art in our last Number, for "Mrs. Southworth's translation" read "Mrs. Sherman's translation."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A communication signed "An Architect" came to hand too late for consideration in the present Number. "Rose Lake" and "S. F. D." are received.

ANOVE all arts, Painting is perilous to an eye that is more discursive than intent, and a fancy that floats over many things, but settles seriously on none. A painter must be a serious man; for such an one is capable of that concentration of all the powers of the mind on a single great aspect of life or nature, which is necessary to bring out all the potency of what it declares, and all the significance of what it suggests.—J. S. Blackie.